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A FIG  
FOR FORTUNE.

BY  
ANTHONIE COPLEY.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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1883.



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,  
MANCHESTER.



# A FIG FOR Fortune.

Recta Securus.

A. C.



LONDON

Printed by Richard Iohnes for C. A. 1596.





# To the Right Honourable

Anthonie Browne, L. Vicompt Mont-ague, euerla-  
*sting glorie to his vertues.*

**F**Lie vale-bred Muse to heauen-high *Mont-ague*  
Honoring thy playnesse with so quaint aspire :  
It is a haggard Hawke that neuer knew  
The Fawlkoners fist ; It is a drowfie fire  
That yeelds nor flame nor fume ; It is an idle voyce  
That nere was hard to tune nor sound, nor note nor  
Great *Mont-ague* ; thrife great in Vertues glorie (noife.  
And therefore dulia great in my affections,  
Whom not a Pick-thanke spirit of flatterie  
But well aduised zeale to your perfections  
Mooues to infitle you so : Though likewise so you be  
In the sublimitie of your blood and Vicomptie.  
Daigne in your grace the spirit of a man  
Disastred for vertue ; if at least it be  
Disaster to be winnowed out Fortunes Fan  
Into the Fan of Grace and Sionrie  
Wherin repurify'd to Gods eternall glorie  
The Deuill rues in man old *Adams* injurie.  
Though meane and merit-lesse the Muse may seeme  
To your aduice ; as not from *Helicon*,  
Yet well I hope the matter will redeeme  
That frail default, as spirited from *Sion* :  
If *Sions* holie name be gracious to your eare  
Hold it in gree ; else for the zeale to you I beare,  
At least your happie Names faire liuerie let it weare.

Your Lordsh. humblie at commandement.

*Anthonie Copley.*





## The Argument to the Reader.

**A**N Elizian out-cast of Fortune, ranging on his  
Iade Melancholie through the Desert of his  
affliction, in hope to find out some where either  
ease or end of the same, hapneth first upon Ca-  
toes ghost a spirit of Dispair & self-misdoom  
which perswades him to kill himselfe: But, for  
she ended her Oratory with a Sulphur vanish frō out his sight, he  
misdoubted both her and her tale. Then posting onward through  
the residue of the night; he next chanceth on the spirit of Re-  
uenge: She perswadcs him blood and treacherie against all his  
enemies, as th'onlie means to remount to pristin blesse in despiht  
of Fortune: But she likewise manifesting in the end the treason of  
her tale by a suddē whip away from his eye at the sight of break  
of day in the East, left him also conceipted of her daunger.  
Thirdly, rapt from off his Melancholie (which now began to  
faint vnder him at the light of a new day of Grace) he was sud-  
denlie mounted vpon the Steed of Good Desire, and by him  
brought to Mount-Sion the Temple of Peace; where by Cate-  
chrysius an Hermit (who greatlie woondred to see a distressed  
Elizian in those partes vnder so happie daies of Eliza) he was by  
him in the house of Deuotion catechized, and there also cele-  
stially arm'd by an Angell, and within a while after in-denized  
by the high Sacrificator a Champion of that Temple against the  
insults of Fortune; whom I haue titled by the name of Dobleffa

A 4

in

### The Argument.

*in respect of the double danger both of her luring and lowring inconstancie: She, whiles the Sionites were all in peacefull adoration of Almighty God in the Temple, came with her Babel lonian-rout to assault the place, but was eftsoons by the valure of those Templers shamefullie repulsed: Feast and thanks was made to God therefore throughout all the Region; in which solemnitie the Grace of God howering ouer the multitude in the Procession-time like a virgin attended vpon with all the Court of heauen, shew'd downe Roses amongst them, leauing them there a scrambling for the same. The Elizian was one that scrambled his lap-full among the rest: and for he thought it was his soueraigne Ladie Eliza, and those Roses hers, he was suddenly in ioy thereof rapt home againe to Elizium.*

### Faultes escaped in printing.

Pag 5. Lin 18 It shuts it selfe and is. read. Doe shut them selues and are.

P. 8 l 3. to giue thy selfe read. to giue thy flesh.

P. 16. l. 10. aw-like read. aulike.

P 64. l. 1. Peacefullie aduance. read. pace-fully aduance.



# A Fig for Fortune:



Efted in fable vale, exild from Ioy,  
 I rang'd to feeke out a propitious place  
 Where I might fit and defcant of annoy  
 And of faire Fortune, altered to difgrace,  
 At laft, euen in the confines of the night  
 I did difcerne aloofe a sparkling light.

Then fet I spurres vnto my Melancholie,  
 A Iade wheron I had ridden many a mile,  
 Which leffe then in the twinkling of an eye,  
 Brought me vnto that fatall lights beguile :  
 Where I might fee an agonizing beaft,  
 Bleeding his venym blood out at his brest.

His vpper shape was faire-Angelicall,  
 The reft belowe, all whollie Serpentine,  
 Cole-blacke incroching vpon his pectorall,  
 And rudely inrowlled in a Gorgon-twine,  
 His eyes like Goblins stared heer and there,  
 In fell difdayne of fuch diffigured geare.

B

At

At last he spi'd me, and staring on my face,  
 He rear'd his mongrel-lumpe vp towards me,  
 Fainting and falling in his Deaths-disgrace,  
 And yet enforcing still more stabbes to die,  
     Then thus he vauntingly began to tell me  
 Of such his fortitude in aduersitie.

Welcome deer guest (quoth he) to *Catoes* Ghost,  
 Welcome true witnesse of my fortitude,  
 Seest thou not how this hell-blacke shape almost  
 Hath quite subdu'd my vpper-albitude ?  
     It is aduersitie vpon my state,  
 Which see how I reuenge it desperate.

With that, as with a new supplied flood  
 The angrie streame beares quite adowne the riuier  
 All obstacle with vnappeafed mood :  
 So his enraged hand did fierce deliuer  
     Fresh death-ftabbes to his loath'd mortalitie  
 Euen at the naming of aduersitie.

And then in four-fold misconforted voyce  
 Of Life and Death : Rage and Disdaine, he added :  
 Whilom I was a man of *Romes* reioyce  
 Whiles happy Fortune my estate vppropped :  
     But once when *Cæsar* ouer-topped all,  
 Then (loe) this mid-night shape did me befall.

Then

Then gan I to conceipt my Censure-ship,  
 My Senatorie-pomp, and libertie  
 All base-subjected to his Tyrant-whip :  
 My mind was mightie againſt ſuch miſerie,  
 And rather would I die magnanimous  
 Then liue to ſee a *Cæſar* ouer vs.

It was ynough that the Theſſalian fieldes  
 Suckt vp the mutuall bloud-ſhed of our men,  
 That *Pompey* dies, and all the Empire yeeldes  
 To *Cæſars* dauncing Fortune, and *Omen* :  
*Cato* muſt die as free from ſeruitude  
 As he diſdaineth *Cæſars* altitude.

Yet for my Countrey is a part of me,  
 And it is all ſubjected to diſgrace,  
 Loe, that's my ſerpentine obſcuritie  
 For which I ſpight, and ſpit on *Cæſars* face,  
 And ſtab me with a quaint diſdaine and anger  
 Becauſe I will not liue in *Cæſars* danger.

Thou therefore that doeſt ſeem a dolefull wight,  
 View me the preſident of Cares redreſſe,  
 And if that Fortune be aboue thy might  
 Yet death is in thy power and readineſſe :  
 Diſdaine Miſfortune then t'inſult vpon thee  
 Seeing that to die is all ſo faire and eaſie.

B 2

Death

Death is misfortunes monarchizing foe,  
 Prime Nature of Almighty fortitud,  
 Eternall Sanctuarie from vnrest and woe,  
 Fames Arke, and all our frailties Period :  
     Our lyfes true touchstone, natures offertory,  
     And bridge to sweet Eliziums eternitie.

And as for bafe *Aduerfitie*, what is it ?  
 But Gloryes graue, a coward mindes ingalley,  
 The carrion of our lyfe, fuppreffe of fpirrit,  
 Shadow of *Ioues* hate : Difdaines obloquie,  
     Helles ongate, an Owlifh conuerfation,  
     All Ioyes deprife, and forrowes invndation.

Looke not fo downe agaft at what I fay,  
 But with a generous erected front,  
 Number thefe willing woundes (my hartes defray)  
 To Glory fole land-ladie of this account :  
     They are the Tythes I pay to eternall Fame :  
     There is not any one of them prophane.

Be not injayld to bafe *Aduerfitie*,  
 Rather flip out thy life at gloryes windoe,  
 One ftab will fend thee to eternity,  
 And rid thee quite and cleane of all thy woe.  
     Then there lies life-leffe all Calamity,  
     Thy name and Spirrit fayre amountes to glory.

It



It is not as vulgaritie esteemes  
 Sincere worth to be beblest of Fortune,  
 A fickle Dame that commonlie misdeemes  
 Those that her fauours most of all importune.  
     Blesse thou thy selfe, and if that Fortune curse thee,  
     Die in despight of her, and her discourt'sie.

Oh what a base ingenerous sight it is,  
 To see men crooch and pewle at her vaine Altars,  
 Offring their presents to her peeuihnesse  
 And therewithall, their necks vnto her haltars :  
     Be thou subsistant of thy selfe alonely,  
     And if thou canst not liue, yet die with glorie.

Fie on those lowtish growt-head lobbernowlles  
 That slander Nature with their Modicums,  
 I tell thee Natur's like to Marygowldes,  
 Largely display'd to twentie thousand Sunnes,  
     Which if they cease to shine in Majestie,  
     It shutteth it selfe, and is content to die.

Thy Spirit is a particle of *Ioue*,  
 It scorneth indignitie and meane suffize,  
 Like as a flame, or oyle, it mounts aboue,  
 And take but Glory from it, and it dies :  
     Yet dies it not, but to indignitie,  
     Mounting by Death, to Fames eternitie.

B 3

There

There is no hell like to declined glorie,  
 Nor is *Prometheus* Vulture halfe so fell  
 As the sad memorie of a happie storie  
 To him, that in aduerfitie doeth dwell :  
     Ah, let him die that is not as he was,  
     With ending blesse breake he the houre-glasse.

What booteth it to liue in base contempt  
 In euer melancholie-adumbred mood ?  
 A fable to the vulgar babblement,  
 A muddie ebbe after a Chryftall flood ?  
     Out with thy candle, let it burne no more,  
     When once thou art become the worlds eye-fore.

And tell not me of dutie vnto life ;  
 Nature is as indifferent to death,  
 Life led in joyes abandon and deprife  
 Is Natures deeper graue, then earth beneath :  
     It is not death, that which the world calles dying,  
     But that is death, which is all joyes denying.

Nature difdaines all groffe encountring meat  
 Fore-fed with *Nectar*, and Ambrosian sweetes,  
 And Night that is the merrie dayes defeat  
 We see how Nature giues it drowfie greetes :  
     Now : Sleep by night is but a filent signe  
     How sweet it is to die in Ioyes decline.

And

And then as is the morrowe-dawning day  
 A fresh re-bleffe to Natures next awake ;  
 So to the wretch that dies disgrace away  
 Elizium is his second lifes partake :  
     Where he shall triumph in eternity,  
 And Fame the Chanteclere of such his glory.

Loe, I a president before thine eyes ;  
 This gore imports the glorie of my Ghost,  
 Who but fore-weening Cæsars tyrannies  
 Fore-doom'd my self in care-preuenting post :  
     Then thou that art a verie wretch indeed,  
 Oh, why deferrest thou so long to bleed ?

Out with that Iayle-bird of aduerfitie,  
 Disdaine to liue at Natures joylesse leasure :  
 Bale drown'd in gore and magnanimitie  
 Is an vpdiue to all eternall pleasure :  
     Thinke what a Fame-renowned thing it is  
 In crimfon floods to warfare base de-blisse.

Deferre no longer then thy doome of death,  
 But Champion-like confound Calamitie,  
 Prosperities Satrap feares not to vntheath  
 His kil-care blade gainst fleshes fearful frailtie :  
     Flesh of it selfe will one day turne to dust,  
 Then doome it thou thy selfe since so it must.

Thou

Thou would'st not gladly eate an Abricocke,  
 Or Peache vnpar'd, because their rinde is bitter,  
 And fear'st thou then to giue thy selfe the stocke,  
 That so vnkindely bittereth all thy better?

Oh, off with it, and yeeld thy sweetes to *Ioue*,  
 And he will counter-sweete thee with his loue.

He will imbrace thee in his embrace,  
 And Ioye-embalme thee in his *Heauen-delights*,  
 Thy skarres and gashes he will faire-deface,  
 And sanctifie thee with alhallowed rytes :  
 Thou shalt be as a Meteor ouershining  
 All mortall glory in her dust declining.

There will we meet thee in Vermilion vest,  
 I, *Otho*, *Anniball*, and all the rest,  
 Fames choicest Martyrs, who in Fates detest,  
 Doom'd all our selues to euerlasting rest.  
 There will we magnifie thy happie woundes,  
 And high applaud thē with Crownets & Crownes.

With that I drew out my emboldened blade,  
 Refolu'd to massacre my loathed life :  
 When (loe) the Ghost from out my sight did vade,  
 As though to tell his *Ioue* of my arife :  
 But such a Sulphur stench hee left behind him  
 That I in dreade thereof shooke euerie lim.

And

And therewithall my sword fell to the ground  
 And I misdoubted some illusion :  
 Such was the safetie that then I found  
 In drowſie dread, and deaths confuſion ;  
     Prophanely ſpoken : t'was no frailties deed,  
     But God alonlie ſtood thee then in ſteed.

So then remounted on my Sable jade,  
 I rang'd ore craggy cliffes and defart dales  
 In way-leſſe wander, and in Horrors ſhade,  
 One while conceipting *Catoes* death-availes,  
     And then anon reflecting on his ſtinke,  
     Thus ſtrayd I moſt in dread & deaths inſtinct.

Thriſe drew I out my dagger for to ſtab me  
 And then ſo oft I muſ'd why *Cato* ſtunke ſo,  
 Me thought there ſhould no ſuch diſglory be  
 In ſacred Ghosts, freed from the filth of woe :  
     So was my moody mindes perplexed wander  
     Partial on lifes behalfe gainſt deadly danger.

Then on I rode, and riding through a dale  
 Hell-like adumbred with a duſkie gloome,  
 A ſuddaine fatall blaſt did me aſſaile  
 And droue me to a ſecond damned doome,  
     Where I might ſee a more then hell-black finger  
     That pointed me, and ſaid : Loe yonder, yonder.

C

With

With that my Melancholy star'd round about  
 And like a whirle-wind posted to the place,  
 Where I might heare a voyce that roared out  
 Reuenge, reuenge, thy dollorous disgrace :  
 And then eftsoons all in a Sulphur-flame  
 Appear'd vnto my sight a shape of shame.

*Her* face was skowle regarding on the ground,  
 Her eyes like *Heclas* euer-sparkling fires,  
 Her finger on her mouth was a dumbe bound  
 Of her *Cyclopien* frets and fell desires :  
 In th'other hand she bare a fierie sheafe,  
 And all her body was as pale as death.

*Her* haire was Snake-incurl'd *Medusa* like,  
 Hauing the power t'instone me where I stood :  
 So was I fencelesse all but in dislike  
 And deadly horror of so dread a Bug :  
 At last she fretted out an angry noife  
 And thus inspeeched it into a voice.

Feare not my wan and moody misproportion,  
 For (I confesse) I am no fondlings joy,  
 Nor am I of a wanton disposition  
 As is the God of Loue that idle boy,  
 Yet am I a joy in another kind  
 To such as in vn-joy most ioy doe find.

I am

I am Reuenge, the doome of iniuries :  
 The Mifers refuge, and reuiue to bleſſe  
 Occaſions *Argus*, pith of Tragedies  
 The ſumme of pollicie in all diſtreſſe :  
     Wrathes thunder-bolt, and triumph ouer thoſe  
     That in their jollitie work others woes.

Th'injurious Gallant in his Commick braue  
 I agonize with vnexſpected bale,  
 Becauſe he ſhall not thinke that in the graue  
 Lies nought but impotence and deaths auaille ;  
     I'le ſhew him that the worme hath power to moue,  
     And none ſo lowe but may amount aboue.

There is a Phoenix of *Aduerſitie*  
 That faire reſults from her incinderment,  
 And dares to braue with an vndaunted eie  
 Proſperities ſhine, & brighteſt blandiſhment :  
     It is Reuenge, t'is I can ſtare it out,  
     And make it by diſgrace the Mifers flout.

I rear'd *Corelian* from his exile ſtate  
 To triumph ouer *Romes* ingratitude,  
 And *Cæſar* I did whollie animate  
 To down with *Pompeys* ſcornfull altitude,  
     His fute deni'd him by the Senate-houſe,  
     Did cauſe me make him *Rome*-Emperious.

C 2

Of

Of latter dayes a *Bourbon* in disgrace  
 I arm'd against his Lieges injurie,  
 And gaue him victorie at *Pania* chace  
 Where he beheld him in captiuitie :  
     What though he were a Traitor in so doing,  
     Tis statelie done to ouer-top a King.

To be faire Fortunes euer Carpet-darling  
 Is femall glorie : But Reueng'd disgrace  
 That's truly Masculine, and rich triumphing :  
 Al peace-content is too too cheap and base :  
     What manhood is it still to feed on Chickins  
     Like infant nurse-boys in nice Fortunes kitchens ?

Giue me the man that with vndaunted sperit  
 Dares giue occasion of a Tragedie :  
 And be content for his more after-merit  
 To be downe beaten from felicity :  
     To th'end that with a fierce amount he may  
     Re-bleffe himfelfe in spight of Fortunes nay.

T'is braue to plunge adowne into the deep  
 And so vp-bound againe aboue the waue,  
 To be continually a mountain-sheep  
 Is Cockrell-like, it is a dung-hill braue :  
     The crauin Cocke is hartlesse from his hill,  
     Shame to be so that haft a manly will.

To



To be depof'd from bliffe by injurie,  
 Is double glorie to remount to it,  
 Nor is thy title loft to dignitie  
 Vnleffe fuppreffe of fpirite forfeit it :  
     Misfortunes power cannot foyle thy right,  
     Doe thou but beare a minde in her defpight.

We cannot fay that man is ouercome  
 That ftill beares vp his arme againft his foe,  
 Nor that he is fincerely out-run  
 Whom the Corriuals trip doth ouerthrow :  
     VWhat ere is loft with fore-wits vnpreuention,  
     Win it againe with after-wits contention.

This humane fate, fometime to flip and fall,  
 But to ingrouell in durt is beaftlie bafe :  
 To rife againe, oh that is Iouiall,  
 Or els reuenge to death the downe-difgrace :  
     Therefore, thou haft a fpirit of defpight,  
     As well as in good hap to take delight.

The gallant man vnhorft amidft his foes  
 Fights to the death his lateft wrath away,  
 And when he can no more : with mops and mowes  
 He floutes both them, and Death, and Deftinie :  
     So if not Victor, yet vnvanquifhed  
     He dies to euerlafting liuelihed.

C 3

Be

Be not as is the coward Scorpion  
 That rounded all about with ashie embers  
 Dispaire and dies in selfe destruction  
 Renting with fierce enrage his venym members :  
     But if that *Ioue* nill ayde thy fortitude  
 Downe to all *Acharon*, and the Furie brood.

Hell holdes in honor the braue minded man  
 That knowes the price and value of his head,  
 That measures not Renowne by inch or span,  
 But by th'eternitie of *Ioues* Godhead,  
     That skornes to brooke base infelicitie,  
 Or pocket vp degraded dignitie.

And haply *Ioue* himselfe supplants thy state  
 To see how thou canst scamble vp againe,  
 And scuffle manly with malignant fate  
 To a redoubled glories rich attaine :  
     Then cheerly man : inhearten all thy sperrites  
 And dead Reuenge thy miseries demerites.

Loe, I thy Aduocate vnto the Haggas  
 Will still importune thy Prosperitie,  
 And be at hand with poison, and with dagges  
 To execute each plotted tragedie :  
     Misfortune shall not scoffe at thy confusion,  
 If hell and I befriend thee in coniunction.

Lay

Lay but thy hand vpon thy conscience.  
 And faire in-vow mee in an earnest spirit,  
 So shalt thou compasse Tragick consequence  
 On all thy foes that now so frolick it.  
 They shall no longer feast vpon thy frets  
 Nor register thy woes in their banquets.

Thou shalt eniowle them one against another  
 With hostill jealousie, and dead debate :  
 I tell thee (man) all friendship is unsure  
 Founded vpon anothers downe estate :  
 Nor ioyes he long against Reuenges doome,  
 That wrong in-states him in anothers roome.

Heauen is the Arbiter, and wils it so,  
 I and the Furies are the instruments  
 To act that iustice in all tragicke woe,  
 Now is it in this case our good intents  
 To ioyne with vs thy manuall act heerin  
 That more then pristin glory thou maist win.

But fay thou winne not pristin glory by it  
 Yet shalt thou see thy foes in downe disgrace,  
 Thy selfe shalt act it, such shall be thy merit,  
 And such thy glorie in a higher place :  
 What greater glorie can betide the Vale  
 Then force the Mountaine-top adowne to fall ?

So

So shall thy glorie not be lost, but left,  
 Yea losse to them that all so dearly buy it,  
 When thou shalt Phoenix-like of blisse bereft  
 Rise from thy ruines to a higher merit :  
     Degraded from a puppit Commicke-stage  
     To act the statelie Tragick personage.

Chang'd to a faire enfiere Salamander  
 Breathing Reuenges bright and sacred flames,  
 Which high inspirits men to lofty matter  
 In quaint disdaine of aulicke infant games ;  
     Games of the bodie, follies of the minde,  
     Oh, how t'is base to liue so like a Hinde.

Nature hath giuen you male and female willes,  
 The one wherwith to couet meriments,  
 The other to detest all aduerse ils,  
 Now is almightie *Ioues* great woonderments  
     More in his Thunder-boltes then in his sweetes,  
     To shew Reuenge more woorth then Pleasures greets.

Then arme thy selfe Reuenges Champion,  
 To bandie away thy foes, and all disgrace  
 VVith polliticke dissimulation  
 Of contrarie language, and contrary face :  
     As the Camelion changeth still his hue  
     VVith euery object cullor : so change thou.

So

So maist thou clofe Camelion-like conceale  
 Thy tragicke shape of Horror and Reuenge,  
 Whiles' they misdoubting not thy false reueale  
 Are caught vnwares like Woodcocks in a spreng,  
 Such is the honour of Aduersitie,  
 With sleighes to vndermine Prosperitie.

Be to thy oath, as th'Ape is to his blocke,  
 Sometimes sticke to it, sometimes flit from it  
 As pregnant pollicy may thee prouoke :  
 T'is foole-sincerity, and want of wit  
 To make a pot to breake thy head withall,  
 Or rather not to break it first of all.

Vfe Friend and Foe, and Neuter all alike,  
 Onlie as instrumentall implements  
 To thy designe ; thy aymed stroke to strike :  
 And see them but with ayery complements :  
 That done, and thy affaire effected,  
 Destroy them all for feare thou be detected.

Dead dogges barke not, nor stands it with thy honour  
 To be vpbrayded with a curtesie ;  
 Much lesse to be employd in like deuoir  
 According *Quid pro Quo*es seruilitie :  
 Such is the summe of perfect pollicie  
 To worke securely with Vulgaritie.

D

Be

Be clofe, and iealous in each action  
 For that clofe dealing is good Speeds affurāce ;  
 And Iealouſie's the Sentinell of Caution ;  
 And bear thou ſtill in mind this circumſtance ;  
     If all good fortune, and aduiſe ſhall faile thee  
     To haue a ſtarting hole for after-ſaſetie.

T'was meger Prudence in the antique Sages  
 That but with Goodnes could recure an Euill :  
 Giue me the man that with wittes pollices  
 Can Saint a Deuill with another Deuil :  
     That can ſo ſhift, and ſhuffle the cards in fiſt,  
     As turne vp whatſoeuer Trump he liſt.

T'is Heauens attaine to fend thy foes to Hell  
 With mutuall murders in Seditions field :  
 The vpper Buckets fall into the well  
 The lowers faire amount we ſee doth yeeld :  
     Such is the merit of Reuenges deed,  
     With others wrack to work thine own good ſpeed.

At leaſt to die in well appeaſed wrath  
 And in ſuruiue of all thine enemies  
 Is ſtately dying : t'is faire lie downe and laugh,  
 And an vp-riſe to *Ioues* benignities,  
     *Elizium* and Fame in after ages,  
     Reuenges bleſſed Rightes and Appennages.

Then

Then come, imbrace me with a firme assent  
 And thinke no idle voyce follicits thee ;  
 I tell thee (man) in thy arbitrement  
 Lies all thy glorie, and felicitie :  
 I'll be thy hand-maid heer in earth belowe,  
 The rest aboute great *Ioue* he will bestow.

So sayd, she rear'd her skowle down-looke on  
 And vagranlie regarding round about  
 In Period-pawse ; At last as one bestraught  
 She star'd, and trembled, and began to powt  
 And suddenly she vanisht out of sight  
 Because now in the East it dawn'd day-light.

Euen so (quoth I) is it Reuenges guize  
 To be in force by Night, be gone by Day ?  
 Such is not the instinct of Paradize,  
 God graunt it be no Plutonicke affray :  
 Oh what it is to be a mortall man  
 Subiect to all the guiles and sleights of Satan.

Yet for her speech was consonant to Nature,  
 I wisht sh'had been an Oracle of truth ;  
 So credulous is *Angers* moodie vigure  
 When once it is in-Cæfared in youth :  
 And hand in-handed with a quaint Disdaine  
 Iniurious disglorie to sustaine.

D 2

Yea

Yea what is not the miser apt to doe,  
 What not beleue to mittigate his euill?  
 Well may he faine a patient outward hue,  
 But not exile his inward damned deuill,  
     The Vulture of despite that neuer dies  
     But rents and teares his heart in rauin-wife.

Now Chanteclere the vigill of the night  
 Crew broad day-light : when *Titan* in the East  
 Peece-meale appearing in his pristin bright  
 Broad-waked euery creature, man and beaft,  
     Ech musick-bird bebleffing his amount  
     Both in the humble vale and haughtie mount.

When (loe) my jade vnsprighted, and vnnighted,  
 Rag'd and engag'd himselfe to all aduventure  
 Ore hedge, and ditch, and flood, so fell affrighted  
*He* was to see the Sunne, so shone a creature :  
     All as the Tench in waterles despaire  
     Beateth himselfe to death in spight of ayre.

So on I hasted at my jades behest,  
 As whilom *Phaeton* in his skyey carte,  
 Weake (God he knowes) to rule so fierce a beaft,  
 Deadly feare-frighted both in harte and arte :  
     But whome our Lords safe prouidence bespeedeth,  
     No humane power of heart or arte he needeth.

At



At laft in proceffe of an ouer-tire  
 My moody beaft stood ftill in palfie-wife,  
 Trembling and fainting in a daunted ire,  
 (Such is the end of Rages ryotize :)  
 Then had I leafure for to looke about me,  
 And (loe) I fpide a Rock in fhining glorie.

I hy'd me to it with a pleafing pace,  
 And yet not pleafant, for t'was all too flow :  
 So flight is Melancholie to darke difgrace  
 And deadly drowfie to a bright good morrow ;  
 Yet on I march'd, and marueil'd at the fight,  
 I neuer in all my life faw thing fo bright :

As more and more I neer'd vnto the place  
 So by degrees my Melancholy fainted,  
 When (loe) anon with a religious pace  
 A fnow-white Iennet towards me aduanced :  
 His name was *Good defire*, his faddle greene  
 Was *Reuerend Solace* of a godly spleen.

Whereat my jade affrighted and defpighted  
 Sped all to naught as myft before the Sonne :  
 When I eftfoons internallie delighted  
 Was rapt by *Good defire* vnto *Deuotion* :  
 A penall place, yet parcell of the rock,  
 And brighter then the Noony Zodiack.

D 3

There

There kneel'd a reuerend Sophie all in teares  
 With needle-pointed Discipline correcting  
 His Flefhes frailtie : Oh how he befmeares  
 The place with penall bloud, and blubbering :  
*His hart was wholly fixt on Chrift his Paffion,*  
 So shew'd his Crucifixe-contemplation.

Before him was a Death's-head full of wormes,  
 The picture of a Graue, and an Hower-glasse,  
 A map of Doomsday, and Hell in fearfull formes,  
 And Heauen figur'd all in Saintlie follace :  
*His pale and megre countenance areeded*  
*His spare poor fare, and how hard he bedded.*

Standing behind him, he was in a trance,  
 And I betooke my Eie to a steddie gaze,  
 My Mind to an amaze at fo great fuffrance,  
 So penall fuffrance in fo bright a place,  
*And now I fee (faid I) there is a bliffe*  
*Euen in Aduerfitie what ere it is.*

And thus aside I argued the cafe :  
 In place fo bright what meane thefe drearements ?  
 A heauie cafe deferues a dolefull place  
 Since bale and bleffe are aduerfe Complements :  
*And yet the Glowe-worme in the darkeft night*  
*Though blacke it be, shines foorth a starry bright.*

*Cato*

*Cato* and Reuenge were blacke, and both to blame  
 Th'one in sulphure stench, th'other in Lights abhorr,  
 And Melancholye was the Iade of shame  
 That darkeling brought me to that dnbble dorr ;  
     A better horfe I hope hath brought me hether  
     For both the place is bright, and tis fayr weather.

Long haue I rang'd to finde a place of ease  
 Whear I may passe away my pensive playntes,  
 And happily if this be now that place of peace  
 Heer rest I euer in my woes attayntes :  
     Heer in this Caue, and in this sable shrowde  
     Dye I a Caytiffe, vnder Fortunes clowd.

This aged man and I will both together  
 Complaine in common our calamytie ;  
 That haply whiles we striue t'outplaine each other  
 Suche our ambition may swage our miserie,  
     Or both at once, may cracke as ouerstrained,  
     Ambitious dying is a glorie gained.

But (well I wot) thou wrong'st this holy place  
 By mis-constructing it to care and bale,  
 T'is puddle sacrilege so to disgrace  
 The grace of God, through errors rude misprifall :  
     What though the man doe seeme disconsolate,  
     Somewhat it is doth thee exhilerate.

For

For why, I felt my spirit all possest,  
 With a reuiued hope to happinesse ;  
 It was the Grace of God in my vnrest  
 That in-lie cheer'd me vp to future blesse,  
     Deer gift of God, the Character of life  
     And heauenly make-peace of our ghostly strife.

It is the Raye, and Speech of heauen to man,  
 The Rainebowe-pledge of Gods beneuolence,  
 The Limbecke of our iustice, and the Fan  
 That winnoweth sin away from innocence :  
     Prime moouer, and efficient cause of good  
     To all that are redeem'd with Christ his blood.

Whiles thus with infant-zeale I did applaud  
 The in-come grace of God into my heart  
 In full detest of fore-affected fraud,  
 Loe, now this penall Sage began to start  
     From out his trance, and with a heauenlie voyce  
     And armes a crosse, he bid his soule rejoyce.

Reioyce (quoth he) at this eternall truth,  
 The man is blest that for Gods iustice sake  
 Sustaines with Patience reproch and ruth,  
 Our Lord hath promist that he wil partake  
     His heauen to him : His name be prais'd therefore,  
     And so he kist the Crosse, and said no more.

With

With that my heart exulted in my breast,  
 As faire prefaging weale vnto my woe ;  
 For why I was not vulgarlie distrest  
 But, for a cause that bore an honest shoue,  
     Yet for my frailtie was impatient  
     I long'd for speedy death or solagement.

Then stept I to that man of Mysteries  
 With carefull Complement least to offend,  
 When he estfoons with reuerend arife  
 Did recomplie me like a perfect friend :  
     The teares of joy that trill'd adowne his chin  
     Did sweare what true affection was within.

And lastly he thus embracingly bespake me,  
 Welcome (*Elizian*-man) a thousand fold  
 More deere and shone to *Catechryfus* eye  
 Then all the Pleasant pride of Pearle or Gold :  
     Rare, yea all too rare are now adayes  
     *Elisas* subjects seen to passe this wayes.

Belike yee are a Paradized people  
 That so contain your selves in home-delights,  
 As though that only vnder your steeple  
 And no wher els were all May-merry Rights :  
     A blessed people ye are, if it be so  
     And yet me thinkes thou seem'ft a man of woe.

E

Whereto

Wherto I answered all with humble thanks :  
 First, that I was the man he took me for  
 Bred and brought vp on fayre *Elisas* bankes,  
 Next, did I largely shew him furthermore  
     How blessedly we liue, as hee had heard  
     Vnder *Elisas* peacefull power and guard.

And as for my peculiar distresse,  
 I tolde him so I seem'd, and so I was  
 The Rag of Fortune : Badge of base debleffe,  
 The Spunge of care, a broken Hower-glasse :  
     The Finger-man of shame, and Obloquie  
     Downly degraded from Felicitie.

I told him of my dreary journeement  
 On moodie Melancholie ; and how I sped  
 With *Cato*, and Reuenges babblement,  
 And how, along the Defart as I fled  
     I met with *Good Desire* a goodly Steed  
     That brought me thether in my ghostly need.

I would haue told him more of my arange  
 Euen all the verie conscience of my case,  
 The cause of such my reprobate exchange  
 From blesse to bale : & how frō place to place  
     Bowndlesse in care, I rang'd to bownd my Fate,  
     Content to die : but not die desperate.

But

But he eftfoones preuented me, and faid :  
 Oh happie thou, if fo thou knew'ft thy hap,  
 I teil thee (man) thou art right faire apaid  
 Exild from *Mammon* into *Iefus* lap :  
 Come fit we downe, and I will fhew thee how  
 In this diftrefle, thou mayft nor breake, nor bow.

So downe we fate : my heart was feftiuall  
 My eare was eager-liquorifh to embaite  
 Good *Catechryfus* his Cordiall :  
 Who then with eies to heauen eleuate  
 And crosse-laid armes did vow fyncerely  
 All loue and truth in what he meant to fhew me.

And then (quoth he) deare Englifhman, fuppofe  
 Me not vnciuill t'interrupt thy tale,  
 For in our Lord I well aread thy woes  
 And Charitie hies me to recure them all :  
 Now all is but the action of the Mind,  
 That rectifi'd, the reft is all but wind.

Know then, thou art no better then a man  
 Natur'd indifferently, to weale or woe,  
 Who ere he be that's borne of a woman  
 Is firft juft nothing, next an *Embrio*,  
 Then borne into the world in impotence  
 Poore interest to future Excellence.

E 2

Nay

Nay borne in fable finne to Gods offence,  
 Nipt in the blossome by the blast of Hell,  
 Spur-gall'd of *Adam* both in foule and sence  
 And hodge-podged between a man & Deuel,  
 A fardle of frailties doom'd vnto damnation  
 So fore we haue incurr'd Gods indignation.

If these be titles of felicitie,  
 Ah, poore felicitie, vnpleasant Pride :  
 Rooted in hell, brancht in mortalitie  
 And round imbarck'd with sin on euerie side :  
 Nor are we thus disgrac'd but of our selves  
 For first we eate the Apple of all theses helles.

We might haue chosē in *Adams* Libertie  
 Whether t'haue eate that Apple yea or no,  
 But needs we would aduenture : And wot you why ?  
 Forfooth of Pride both good and bad to know :  
 So slunke from vs the glorie and grace of God  
 Leauing vs quite to our selfe breeching-rod

Heerhence we couet counterfeit content,  
 Sublime mundanity, and our Fleshes ease,  
 Rating the trash of earth true solagement  
 And euery toy of price our sence to please :  
 Such is our frailtie, and yet we see it not  
 So to subject vs to so seruile Lot.

And



And such the matter of thy discontent,  
 Because thou ouer prizest Fleshes fence,  
 Rating the world at all too high a rent  
 Whereas it is but dust and Gods offence :  
     The *Mammon* of iniquitie in Scripture phraze  
 And but a meere Crocadyle amaze.

Concept thy selfe no better then thou art,  
 A forie Iourney man from birth to death  
 And all this world but matter of vndefart  
 And a meere momentary trash-bequeath :  
     Death doomes all Flesh at last, and Flesh-affaires  
 Be it Fleshes joyes, or Fleshes seruile cares.

Blesse being the perfect Counterpane of good  
 This world is not of worth to correspond it  
 It being but trash ore-flowne with Frailties flood  
 And deep indown'd from heauens fellowship :  
     Then vp to heauen amount thy true ambition  
 And as for earth out-care it in contrition.

Not to despaire and die as *Cato* told thee,  
 For that is base Puffillanimitie  
 And Natures most unhallowed infamie,  
 Treason to God, and sell disloyaltie  
     So to betray his Fort and Character  
 To selfe-misdoome, and drearie disaaster.

E 3

We

We ought not cancell Gods eternall doome  
 Vn-labelling our life from his faire Charter,  
 For such is diffidence in his holidoome  
 And prowde in-officing vs in his affaire :  
     Nor can we kill Calamitie by death  
     For he is iust in earth, and hell beneath.

Thou canst not flit from his almightie doome  
*He* being th'Arbiter of all, and nothing :  
 Who gaue thee Essence out of *Vacuum*  
 Can paine thy ashes all in earth repofing :  
     Well maist thou shift his anger into grace  
     But not deprive thee from his heauenly face.

As vaine it is to thinke Reuenges deed  
 Can counter-dooome thy bale to bleffedneffe,  
 The power of Flesh being but a rotten reed  
 And selfely inclined vnto all distresse :  
     Then since we are so wretched of our selves  
     Add worfe to yll doth but encrease our helles.

Such is Reuenge : It is a haggard yll,  
 A Luciferiall ranke uncharitie :  
 The venym, and blacke-*Santus* of our will  
 Vnreacons rage ; spawne of Impietie,  
     Breath of Despaire, Prime-brat of Enuiies brood,  
     And all good Natures Satyr-*Antipode*.

Reuenges

Reuenges arme rear'd vp against the Foe  
 Aimes to defeat God of his interest  
 Who claufually referu'd that worke of woe  
 Vnto his owne judiciall behest ;  
 Thou art a man, and once didft fucke thy mother,  
 Thou canst not judge thy selfe, much lesse another.

And what know'ft thou whether haply for thine owne  
 Or for thy Predecessors finnes thou sufferest,  
 God oft transfers his indignation  
 From the offending East to th'ending West.  
 Or whether it be to trie thy patience,  
 And flush the more thy good obedience.

If it be for thy finnes, oh happy thou  
 That art so temporally corrected :  
 Such is Gods mercy, not his Iustice-blow,  
 A worfer doome is to thy euill indebted :  
 For God being good in all infinitie  
 Such is thy finnes, and hels affinitie.

And if for thy forefathers trespasses,  
 T'is braue to be so good a Sacrifice,  
 God earst to expiate thy amisses  
 Being a president before thine eies  
 Of willing death ; wee are not borne only  
 Vnto our selves : Suche is vncharitie.

The

The feeble Nature euen of Flefh and Blood  
 Hath been fo kind to die for Anceftrie,  
 Gentility records *Eneas* good  
 In that he bore his aged fathers frailtie  
     Through *Troyes* flames : much more ought Charitie  
     Beare patiently anothers penaltie.

But fhall I fay that haplie in this cafe  
 Our Lord is pleaf'd to trie thy patience,  
 Thy valure, and obedience in difgrace ?  
 Oh, that were all too glorious a pretence :  
     For (well ye wot) that Souldiour is a King  
     That choycelie is employ'd in warfaring.

T'is Scowndrell-glorie ftill to fit at eafe  
 In gawdie fatisfaction of thy fence :  
 Nay, t'is no glorie at all, but a difeafe  
 That Canker-like confumes thine Innocence.  
     Now God being pleaf'd to cure thee thereof  
     Doth thus confound it all into a fcoffe.

And yet confounds it fo, as thou maift fee  
 His Iuftice and his Mercie ioind together,  
 Thy yll contrould to future dignitie,  
 So dooth the goodneffe of thy caufe auerre :  
     If God did meane thy eternall infamie,  
     Worfe paffiue caufe had foule befall'n thee.

Thou

Thou canst not haue a more assured pawne  
 Of Gods benignitie then a good cause,  
 It being vnto thy foule a sacred dawne  
 Of heauens day ; and an especiall claufe  
     Or Charter-warrant of Saluation  
     By a secure Conscience-attestation.

Not all the glorie of this world is worth  
 The minnim-*Emphesis* of a good conscience :  
 The verie penall teares it fendeth foorth  
 Are more then pearles of Indie-excellence :  
     Much more are they Emperiall dignities  
     Her inward Ioyes and Iocundities.

Say that the Corpes of such a Conscience  
 Lie all in mangle before the Misers dore,  
 His name as hell held in the worlds offence,  
 Yet is he not vnfortunate therefore ;  
     For heauen and he being still in good conjunction  
     All that's but vapor, and no sound confusion.

Nay t'is to thee a haughtie merit-matter  
 If brookt with patient valure to the end ;  
 Which easely thou maist doe, if thou consider  
 That Iesus tempts thy patience as a friend,  
     Not in his rage aboue thy power and strength,  
     Whom he reprooues at first, he saues at length.

And

And footh to fay, what is Prosperitie  
 That fo should make thee abhor Aduerfitie ?  
 Euen *Cæsars* loftie pomp, and foueraigntie  
 Is not by ods sincere felicitie ;  
     Subiect to Care and Alteration  
     Through Enuie, Errour, and Adulation.

How much adoe is done ere men attaine  
 To wealth and glorie by *Ambition* ?  
 Still carke and care shares halfe the seruile gaine,  
 The rest remaines to Deaths confusion :  
     T'is well if tart Synderisie and Hell  
     Triumver not to towlle the pasing-bell.

Care in attaining, and care in attaine  
 Care is the lower and the vpper staire :  
 Such carefull glorie is but glorious paine,  
 Yea care, or care-lesse either, all's but aire :  
     Feast it in care, or feast it carelessly  
     Death is the latter *Harpie* of all glory.

Befides, how many Villaines are aduanc'd  
 To such theatricall, and stagic-state  
 Whilst Vertue lies obliuiously entranc'd,  
 Neglected, and disdain'd as out of date :  
     Besides the multiplicitie of abuse  
     That is in such mundanities mis-use.

Whereas

Whereas the patient Satrap in distresse  
 Behonesteth his guiltie suffrance :  
 And if he suffer for Gods righteoufnesse,  
 Loe, there the summe of all true valliance :  
     Heauens *Machabe* he is that so downe-dies  
     Guiltie of all gloric, and Gods deere dainties.

Who heares his name a thousand yeeres hence  
 Will giue it glorie, praise, and reuerence  
 As to a Temples ruin-Monuments  
 Rased in Sacrilege, and Gods offence :  
     He will be-villaine those that did the deed  
     As Scowndrell-Agents of Hells blacke areed.

We are not borne to Fortunes complements,  
 As soueraigne dainties ; but as Vertues tooles  
 Wherwith to shape vs perfect lineaments  
 Of honorable Manhood : And not as Fooles  
     To dote vpon the Penfill in our hand  
     And not depaint vs like to Gods command.

Vertue's the Ladie of our humanitie,  
 And Fortune but the hand-maid of our merit,  
 Now, were it homelie done to magnifie  
 The meane aboue the maine : T'were pettie spirit  
     To slip our nettes into the Sea for water  
     And pardon Fish, as no part of the matter.

F 2

This

This life is but a warfare against sinne  
 And either Fortune is but sinnes Coate-armour,  
 Be it bright or blacke, great danger lies therein  
 If thou resist not with a haughtie valour :  
     T'is witleffe yeelding to her gawdements,  
     And cowardize vnto her drcarements.

What skills it whether we fight with blacke or white  
 If blacke and white be both our enemies,  
 The one in guile, th'other in flat despight ?  
 The Goblin-Bugs, and Faery Hiedegies  
     Are both the shades of hell, and night-affrayes  
     Encounter, nor assent quelles their dlsmayes.

And why are we the image of our God  
 The Monarches ouer all Elementaries ?  
 But to controwll with Reasons righteous rod  
 All flesh and bloods fraile sensualities ;  
     T'is sensualitie, and pettie power  
     To mal-content thee for a fading flower.

Stand thou on Reasons haughty Promontorie  
 Superiour and secure ouer all disgrace,  
 Rage wind, and waue, & horror round about thee  
 Yet all is glorie and peace in that bright place :  
     Nor Death, nor Hell can damnifie thy honer  
     So long as Reasons arme beares vp thy banner.

Oh



Oh generous minded men that can esteeme  
 All state inferiour to their mindes degree,  
 And not abandon it to base misdeeme  
 Of any Fortunes power aboue her glee :  
     But can out-stare it with a quaint regard  
     In reference to merite, and Gods grand reward.

That can concept all Fortune as a Fog  
 Bee't black or bright, all but a matter of aire,  
 If bright, oh then it doth but flatter and cog,  
 If blacke, it drowns thee with a flood of care,  
     Vnlesse thy mind be as a Sunne aboue it  
     Faire ouer-shining all her mist-demerit.

Faire Fortune is a Bog, a dauncing danger,  
 And Temperance must foot it with a modest pace ;  
 Her frowne, a gulfe that drownes the hartlesse stranger  
 That cannot wend with Patience his disgrace ;  
     Both that and it are mortuarie matter  
     If fed vpon in Indiscretions platter.

Submit not then thy sacred Substantie  
 To Fortunes hestes : but as thou art of Nature,  
 So still continue thy prerogatiue  
 Aboue her blandishing and spightfull power,  
     So shone a Patrimonie as thy Mind  
     Let neuer Fortune waite it out of kind.

F 3

Thou

Thou art no part of Fortune, but thine owne :  
 Vertue thy fore-guide, Heauen thy attaine,  
 Good death, not loftie life thy best Renowne,  
 Contented mind thy glories after-gaine :  
     Without content all glorie is but gall,  
     And with content disgrace is festiuall.

Content's the Sponge of true felicitie,  
 The Cordiall against degraded bleffe,  
 Corriuall to the highest Empirie,  
 The badge of Innocence and Righteousnesse,  
     Vertues enthrone, Rent of a manlie mind  
     To God for whatfoeuer state assign'd.

It is the *Phænix* of fore-glories Embers :  
 Patience her wing, *Heauen* is her amount,  
 It is the *Christopher* whose manly members  
 Wafteth the miser-man through all affrout,  
     It is the true and perfect *Salamander*,  
     Breathing vitalitie in flames of fire.

Not so the Skowndrell in his greatest glorie,  
 For ther is no Content in guilt of euill,  
 A skowll down-looke, and swart synderisie  
 Betokening him a member of the Deuill :  
     He cannot with a faire erected front  
     Be-*Abba* God : nor yeeld him good accompt.

His

His glorie in guilt of yll is as a flower  
 Begnawne with an accursed Caterpillar,  
 Or as an Apple perisht in the coure  
 Though faining outwardlie a faithfull faire ;  
 Oh fatall incense, oh accursed fume  
 That so choaks vp the wretch doth it assume.

Wheras the others conscientiall-content  
 Doth feast his Fates, and ciuillize their rage,  
 Turning their gall to glee and solagement  
 And faire be-heauening hell with her asswage ;  
*Hee's as a Bwoy about the boisterous waue*  
 Dauncing to scorne the Seas ybillowy-braue.

So strong in power is his sincere incline  
 To Gods ordaine and holie prouidence,  
 Resting therein as in a sacred shrine  
 Or Sanctuarie against all hels offence :  
 The Deuils eager-gripe cannot confound  
 Him whom our Lords protection doth bound.

There is no hell but in our Gods offence :  
 Please him, and boldlie plunge adowne the deep  
 Of all accurse : his holy Prouidence  
 Being the *Argus* which doth neuer sleep,  
 Will on the wings of safe Protection  
 Still beare the iust man vp from all perdition.

What

What hap can hap amisse to Gods bebest ?  
 What waue can surge aboue his prouidence ?  
 The *Hagg*es of hell are chain'd to his behest  
*Hell* gates obey his high omnipotence :  
 Diue downe to Hell, if he beare vp thy chin  
 Wel maist thou sink a while, nere drowne therein.

If once thy hope be anchored in God  
 No waue, no bluster can endanger thee,  
 Thy foot from falling is securely shod  
 He corresponding thy fidelitie :  
 If God thy Center be and thy defence  
 Be Hell, be Deuil thy Circumference.

The Tyrants steele, the Hang-mans Axeltree,  
*His* strangles, mangles, and his fierie doomes  
 Cannot confound true magnanimitie  
 Founded on Gods true loue & hollidoomes ;  
 His life in gore, his Ghost in shades of hell  
 Are more at ease than anie tongue can tell.

The earthen minded man cannot conceaue  
 So haughtie glorie in disglorie and dole :  
 His groueling appetite doth so bereaue  
*His* wit, impelling it to another gole ;  
 Hee's so befotted in his Leprosie  
 That it alonlie he esteems true glorie.

But

But time will come when at a iust Tribunall  
 The iust mans miserie, and the misers glee  
 Will come in *Coram*, and bee doom'd for all :  
 Then mourning good shall mount to Maiestie,  
     And sin-polluted glorie downe discend  
 T'irreparable dollour without end.

Then væ to guiltie glorie, glorious guilt,  
 Væ to suppress of vertue, aduance of vice ;  
 The Rascalls towre on Vertues ruines built  
 Must then adowne, and he repent the price :  
     Oh, farre more happie then disgraced good,  
 Then Vice aduanc'd to skowndrell altitud.

But thou wilt say it is Detraction,  
 It is thy name defam'd among the iust  
 Thy life bely'd through misconstruction  
 That more then all thy glorie in the dust  
     Be-hels and tortureth thy manly mind,  
 It being a mischiefe of a woofser kind.

Bee't so (*Elizian*-man) I doe confesse  
 Detraction is indeed a monstrous euell,  
 Foule *Harpie* of honour, Night of righteoufnesse  
 And the vnciuill tongues most venym-driuell,  
     Much more I doe confesse it is a spight  
 To be of honest men a villaine hight.

G

But

But on the other side, when thou consider  
 The sand-blind errors euen of iustest men,  
*How* much from Gods intuitie they differ  
 And oft when most they iudge, are most mistaken ;  
     Dispaire not at their doomes, but in thy hart  
     Blesse God who sees thee inly what thou art.

Oft-times the good man credits with his eares  
 Not with his eyes : Therhence if injurie  
 Redownd to thee ; the fault being whollie theirs,  
 Farre be it from thy hearts synderisie :  
     Yea rather with a bolt-vp countenance  
     Giue it the Lie, and hardie sufferance.

Much more the Villaines obloquie disdaine it  
 As currish crauin against thy Innocence,  
 His Viper-language cannot cracke thy credit  
 A blush-lesse conscience pleading thy defence ;  
     His tongue against thy Soules secure estate  
     Fares as a reed against a brazen gate.

But if his obloquie be a true *Eccho*  
 Of thy mis-gouernance and guilty life,  
 Then well I doe aread it is a woe  
 Vnto thy honor, and a slaughter knife ;  
     Wheras contrarie-wise if thou be found  
     It's but an ayrie, and an idle sownd.

Faire

Faire then aguize thee with a trim tranſcent  
 Aboue al fleſh and hells indignitie,  
 Emboſt with gentle Patience, and Content  
 Lamb-like repincleſſe at aduerſitie,  
 For, ſooth I ſay, and heauen will witneſſe it  
 The juſt mans miſerie is a haughtie merit.

And firſt pleaſe God in his commandements,  
 Next, with a true Satrapick-ſufferance  
 Grace me that face of thine, thoſe lineaments  
 Againſt Detraction and hells miſ-valiance,  
 Shew that thou art the image of thy God  
 In patient portage of his penall rod.

So, nor diſpaire, nor yet reuenge thy woe  
 But with the prudent Serpent in diſtreſſe  
 Safe-garde thy head ; let die the reſt belowe :  
 Thy head in heauen, thy heele in heauineſſe  
 Is merrie matter, if thou well conſider  
 That death rejoynes them both in bleſſe together.

Haſt thou not noted this effect in Nature,  
 How chill-cold winter caleſies the water  
*Anteperiſtezing* her powers together  
 Wherby it faire reſiſts her ycie ire ?  
 So, in thy winter of Aduerſitie  
 Create thy ſelfe a ſommer-Iubilie.

G 2

Giue

Giue place to furie as the humble Snaile  
 Retreating in his hornes gainst misaduenture,  
 In time all violence will felfelie quaile  
 If vnprouok'd with curriſh miſdemeanure :  
     The chilleſt winter and the darkeſt night  
 Redound at laſt to Sommer, and broad day-light.

See how the Marigold againſt the Son  
 Displayes and ſhuts it ſelfe at his dominion  
 Leſſening at night her ſpred proportion  
 But nere diſculloring her gold-complexion,  
     So to the ſoueraigntie of God aboue  
 With Fortunes night deminiſh not thy loue.

But thinke miſfortune is the flayle of grace,  
 The clarifying Fornace of thy foule  
 Wherewith God ſtrips away thy chaſſe-diſgrace  
 And make thee pure mettle with ſuch controwlle  
     T'is honorable manhood to obey thy God,  
 Bee't in his mercie, or his iuſtice-rod.

Wilt thou ſubmit thy mind to Fortunes Impoſtes  
 Faithleſſe of Gods benignitie and care ?  
 Ah, rather doe diſdaine her bales and boſtes  
 As Crocadyle-deceipts, and crabbed ware :  
     And to thy God alonly plie thy heft  
 For ſuch is pure dutie, and the pure beſt.

So



So doing, better boones then Fortunes baubles  
 Will Spaniell-like attend vpon thy merite,  
 Good death, and after death th'immoouables  
 Of glorie, and fame, and an in-heauened spirite  
     In euerlasting Iubilie and bleffe  
     Far more then heart can thinke, or tongue expresse.

So shalt thou fwim away in Vertues flood,  
 A happy burthen to a happy Maine,  
 Gods flowerie-eterneitie garlanding thy good  
 And his embrace lullabying all thy paine :  
     Oh, happy thou when such adoption  
     Shall faire befall thy tribulation.

When all thy Croffes shall appeare in heauen  
 As euer-memorable Annalles of thy merit,  
 Or as bright Trophees to thy Vertue geuen  
 The Saintes of glorie all applauding it ;  
     When God with his sereneft countenance  
     Shall euer bright be-boone thy sufferance.

Then wilt thou nere repent the of thy woe  
 But wifh it had been twentie folde as much  
 For *Iefus* fake, who euen in earth beloe  
 Can frolick thy incinder with his tutch  
     And faire be-heauen thy bones in drearie graue,  
     Aboue the glorie and ease that *Cæfars* haue.

G 3

And

And footh to say, wherein hath *Iesus* err'd  
 Or not deseru'd fuch suffrance at thy hands?  
*Hath* he not alwayes in his life preferr'd  
 Disgrace and dole to rid thee out of bands?  
 Oh, was not he the man, the Lambe that dy'd  
 To shew thee heauen in woe, and not in pride?

He was Almighty to haue sau'd his head  
 If he had pleas'd; But for a president  
 Of passiue Fortitude, and Lambliehead  
 He condescended vnto woe and torment,  
 And did erect the Crosse a capitall  
 Ensigne of honour, and renowne to all.

And since, what Saint did euer amount to blesse  
 That hath not more or lesse been crucifi'd?  
 Either with selfe zeale-dooome, or by oppresse  
 Of tyrannie by villaines hands inflicted?  
 The seed that must to flowery growth redound  
 Must first lie dead, and withered in the ground.

Besides; oh what a monstrous thing it is  
 To liue delirious vnder a thorney head;  
 Thy God to daigne to die for thy amisse  
 And thou repine to be dishonored  
 For Vertues sake; Oh fond ingratitude  
 So to permit thy Sencce thy Soule delude.

If

If so the flesh, the world, the deuill could doe  
 More spight vnto thy state then God can quayle,  
 Or that his grace could not transcend thy woe  
 Be-cheering it with happie counteruayle,  
     Then might'st thou with a iust repine detest  
     To be by any fate of flesh opprest.

But God both can and will relieue his Plaintife  
 That doth with iust petitions inuoke him,  
 Selfe-loueleffe and repineleffe at the grieve  
 That from his foueraigne doome betides him ;  
     The louing mothers teat is not so prone  
     Vnto her Babe, as Christ to his deere one.

So shew'd his *Pellican* content to die  
 To giue thee life, the gore adowne his breast  
 To wash away thy sin-impuritie :  
 His dolour was thy cuerlasting rest,  
     His bitter wounds the euer open gates  
     Of grace, and glorie to thy rankest fates.

Loe, he thy paines-appease, true charter-warrant  
 Of glorie after gall : The bonnie bright  
 Whose crimfon rayes can faire propulfe and daunt  
 The dreadest Goblin of thy darkest night :  
     Be thou the man of duty to thy dole,  
     The rest let him alone for to controle.

Inshrine

Inshrine thy Patience in his Pafsion  
 Thy *Hope*, thy Constance in his after-boones  
 To his entire irradiation  
 Submit thy night-shades and decreased Moones,  
 He is the Sonne of Right, and will appay  
 All vertues anguor with a Hollie-day.

Behold his Image yonder on the Crosse,  
 See how he droops and dies and damnes Reuenge  
 Yeelding his whole humanity in grosse  
 A pendular reproch on wooden henge :  
 Yea euen his Deitie he doth deject  
 Vnto a seeming shadowed defect.

Be not a beast of desperation,  
 A moodie torment, traitor to thy selfe,  
 T'is grosse conceipt and imperfection  
 To ground thy Barke vpon thy owne shores shelve :  
 Suffice it that extrinfecall aggriefe  
 Abound, *sans* that thou giue it home-reliefe.

Thinke that thy finnes are greater then thy woe,  
 Thy worldly griefes but Graces happy rescue  
 From greater helles that to thy fowle doe growe ;  
 Or haply to enforce to manly vertue  
 Thy youngling heftes of grace ; or to containe  
 Thy present good from proouing after vaine.

Time

Time and thy graue did first salute thy Nature  
 Euen in her infancie and cradle-Rights  
 Inuiting it to dustie Deaths defeature,  
 And therewithall thy Fortunes fierce despights :  
 Death is the gulf of all : and then I say  
 Thou art as good as *Cæsar* in his clay.

Death is the drearie Dad, and dust the Dame  
 Of all flesh-frailtie, woe or maiestie ;  
 All sinkes to earth that surgeth from the same,  
 Nature and Fortune must together die :  
 Only faire Vertue skales eternitie  
 Aboue Earths all-abating tyrannie.

Read in my front the ruine of my nature  
 And therewithall perpend thy miseries,  
 I doe confesse I were a curfed creature  
 Were not Gods grace aboue m'infirmities,  
 So, thou in Faith to after-retribution  
 Asswage thy woe and tribulation.

Die in thy Sauours wounds, and there an end,  
 There pricke the Period of thy moody wander,  
 To him thy woe, and the reuenge commend  
 As to thy soueraigne Liege and high commander.  
 And thinke no errour whispereth in thine eare  
 For what I say is true, and that I sweare.

H

So

So said : the teares of zeale trill'd downe his cheeks  
 Attesting truth vnto his Catechisme,  
 When (loe) cftfoons vnto the Crucifixe  
 Crooching adowne, he said ; Oh facred Chrisme,  
 Oh sweet affwage of infelicitie  
 Witneffe that what I fay is veritie.

Say, art not thou the image of our Lord  
 The true Character of his fuffrance ?  
 Was he not crown'd, deluded, and abhord  
 Mifuaill'd, and fcourg'd with vile mis-valiance ?  
 Oh, was not he the holie Paschall lambe  
 That di'd repineleffe for the finnes of man ?

Sweet (*Iefu*) giue me leaue to kiffe thy figure  
 With thankfull zeale to thy benignitie,  
 And let me pray thee by fo great diffigure  
 T'inspire this man of woe thy paffiue-glorie :  
 That not all like a beaft hee droop and die  
 Heart-leffe and impious in his miferie.

Defend thy image from fo black a blurre  
 With thy in-shine ; Let not temptation foyle  
 So much thy Paffions price all like a Currc,  
 But as thou art a Prefident of toyle  
 To after-glorie ; fo let thy grace fore-goe  
 And faire accompanie this man of woe.

With

Without thy grace my speech is all but aire  
 And barraine Marle ; it batteneth not the ground :  
 It is thy grace that foyfoneth all affaire  
 That holie grace which floweth from thy wound ;  
     I speak in flesh, inuested in my bryer ;  
     There is no flame at all but from thy fire.

Make it appeare how good a God thou art  
 And how thy woundes were not in vaine inflicted,  
 What Nature cannot doe, let Grace impart  
 To strengthen and inhearten the afflicted,  
     Shew that thy mercie is aboue the bound  
     Of Fortunes topsie-turuie to confound.

Let not the fancies of a loftie stile  
 And vaine mundanitie transport thy creature  
 As though alonlie Fortunes lowre or smile  
 Were foueraigne Glories gift and dread defeature,  
     As though thy power were worne out of date  
     And could no longer signiorize our fate.

Disperse the terrors of his moodie night  
 That he may see thy shone *Hierusalem*  
 And in this holie Cittie *Sions* light  
 Abide, and faithfullie belceue this Theame  
     *Happie they all that suffer for our Lord,*  
     *For he to such his heauen will affoord.*

H 2

With

With that he kist the Crucifixe againe  
 And with a strict imbrace therof he sounded ;  
 His Ghost amounted vp to heauens domaine,  
*His* corps lay trunke-like seeming dead confounded ;  
 Whiles I meane while internallie iniered  
 Did feele the woonders of Gods grace inspired.

Then gan I credit *Catechrysius*  
 And hatefullie abhor my former mood,  
 Base Melancholie, black and impious  
 That so diftrayd me from eternall good :  
 My heart exulted, and in zeale I swore,  
 Now by our Lord, Ile be a beast no more.

I will no longer grudge at vertues toyle,  
 But gladly will be crucifi'd with *Iesu* ;  
 No yron-fate shall heerafter foyle  
 My constancie vnto the Christ-crosse rew :  
 I will accompt all dollour and mishap  
 More deere then sweetest Lullaby in Fortunes lap.

No longer will I wander vp and downe  
 The defart of Reuenge, and dread Dispaire,  
 But heer will stint me against mis-fortunes frowne  
 A land-man of this foyle and happy aire :  
 From hence I will reuiue to pristin bleffe  
 Or els die heer with *Iesu* in distresse.

No



No fooner said I so, and gaue consent  
 To Graces in-come, and our Lords attaint,  
 But (loe) eftfoons from heauens high regiment  
 Muficke refounded, and appeaf'd my plaint.

It was fo sweet about my feeble frayltie  
 That downe I fell as one content to die.

Dying in fo sweet follace and in-heauen  
 I was no more the man of earthly nature,  
 Gods Graces holie rellifh, and sweet leauen  
 Had altered my flesh to a new transfigure :

Figure of zeale to be in *Ieſus* armes,  
 Condition to endure ten thousand harmes.

But God who ſaw & wrought this alteration,  
 Faire interdicted Death his date-moſt deed,  
 And ſent an Angell from his holie region  
 To cheere my frailty vp to future ſpeed :

Whome when I ſaw and ſmelt his heauenly hue,  
 It did eftfoons my death to life renewe.

He then out-stepping from his ſiluer-cloud  
 Made toward me with a reuerend peacefull pace,  
 And as he march'd euer and anon he bow'd  
 Vnto the Crucifixe was there in place.

Where to at laſt downe humbled, he kiſt it,  
 And gaue it me in hand, and thus inſpeecht it.

H 3

Hold

Hold heer (*Elizian*-man) thy Sauours image  
 The typick *Trophee* of thy foules redeeme,  
 Be it thy lifes eternall *Appennage*  
 Thy hearts deere daintie, and thy choice-esteeme,  
     Inconscience it within thy in-most heft  
 For *In hoc signo vinces* is exprest.

Be it thy Standard against all affront,  
 Vnder her shade tire out Mis-fortunes weather,  
 Be true to it, and make a sure account  
 Heauen is thine owne as sure as God liues euer :  
     God liues for euer to protect and pay  
     His Champion with a ioy-eternall day.

And hether I come, fent from his Tabernacle  
 To certifie so much to thy poor frailtie,  
 And heer haue brought thee heauen-inchanted tackle  
 To warfare flesh and bloods calamitie :  
     Loe I thy Angell of protection  
     Against whatsoere foule and fell affection.

With that he arm'd my Head with Reasons Helme,  
 The Crest was Vigilance ; the Plumes were twaine  
 Temprance against faire Fortunes ouerwhelme,  
 And Patience against her angrie vaine :  
     The Gorget was Content, and either Pouldron  
     Was humble Prayer and Meditation.

The

The Corflet, it was Zeale of Gods true honour,  
 The Back peece, Hope to after-retribution,  
 The Gauntlets, tackles to Charities endeuour,  
 The Vant-braces, Faiths decke and decoration,  
 The Martch, he did injoyne was Penitence,  
 The Combate, Courage againft all finnes offence.

Then gaue he me in hand a Shield of Golde  
 All ouer-grauen with Chriftes Pafsion,  
 And round about in-amill'd I might behold  
 Death-heads, and latter Refurrection  
 To heauen or hell : The Croffe in th'other hand  
 Was all my Spear againft whatfocere withstand.

Thus arm'd ; the Angell bright againe in-clouded  
 Vpbounded from mine eye toward heauen away  
 Leauing the place with fpiced sweetes fuffufed  
 And all beftrew'd with Crownes and wreathes of Bay,  
 Spelles and demonftrances of future glorie  
 To well atchiued warre and victorie.

I then there all alone vn-Angelled,  
 Began to view and glee me in mine Armes  
 Woondring to fee me fo be-Championed  
 Againft th'affaults of fin and Fortunes harmes :  
 And thus I faid : Oh fhone *Hierufalem*  
 What woonders are in thee to well-fare men.

I

I bleſſe the God and Spirit of thy bounds,  
 I bleſſe thy Concord and thy Monarchie,  
 I bleſſe the ſtreams that tril from *Ieſus* wounds  
 Into thy ſeuē-fold Ceſternes ; and from thee  
     Are vitally imparted vnto all  
 That liue within thy Rampier and thy wall.

Loe, I with Graces furniture faire arm'd  
 Within thy confines, humbly beſeech thee  
 Admit my Souldiour-ſhip as yet vn-harm'd  
 With any aduerſe warres, into thy cittie :  
     And daigne me there a ſtand againſt all euill,  
 The fleſh, the world, and fierce inſulting deuill.

In thee I ſee how much I went amiſſe  
 Ranging the defart of mundanitie,  
 And in thy wiſedom nowe I learne this  
 That not in Fortunes falſe malignitie  
     But in finnes guilt, and grimme captiuitie  
 Is only wracke, and blacke calamitie.

I ſee my miſſe in thy faire Phifnomie,  
 My way-leſſe errorrs in thy vnitie,  
 I feele the ardure of true Chiualrie  
 Inſpired in me from thy Nobility :  
     Heere liue I then the remnant of my age  
 Vnder thy haughty woorth and Patronage.

So

So said ; a filuer bell from high refounded  
 Sommoning that Region round about to facring,  
 When (loe) eftfoons *Catechrysius* vn-fwounded  
 His foules returne did giue him new reuiuing,  
     Oh facred fommon, sweet enchanting peale  
 That so from heauen to earth couldst foules repeale.

His face like *Phæbus* in his Noony-shine  
 Daunted my feeble eye at prime aspect,  
 His foules regresse had made it so diuine,  
 Bebrightning cleane away all fraile defect,  
     As had not zeale inheartened my frayltie,  
 I had not had the power t'abide fuch glorie.

He then vp-rising toward me aduanced  
 And kist the Crucifix I had in hand,  
 So done ; he said : Sweet *Iesu* be thou thanked  
 That hast vouchsaf'd my prayer to vnderstand ;  
     Confirme him in thy grace for now and euer  
 That from thy loue and laud he varie neuer.

With that he imbrac'd me with a frount of glee  
 And call'd me brother, and Coparcener  
 Of *Chriſtes* Domaine, and therewithall he gaue me  
 A golden ring ; the poefie was *Perſeuer* :  
     So, foorth we went vnto the Temple-ward  
 Twas facring time, and muſick much we heard.

I

Along

Along as vp the Rocke we footed it  
 He did congratulate my thone in armor  
 And did expound vnto me euery whit  
*How* I might vse it to Gods greatest honor  
 And then concluded: O *Elizian*  
 See what it is to be a Chriftian.

Wouldst thou haue thought in thy mundanitie  
 That euer Fortunes heel had had the might  
 To spurne th' away to fuch an after-glorie?  
 Or that thy forie iourneyment all night  
 Would euer haue brought thee to sweet repofe  
 As now thou feeleft farre about thy woes?

The ball out-banded from the court of game,  
 Fals not of force into the durty kennell,  
 But marke, and often fhalt thou fee the fame  
 Flie in at Pallace-windowes, and there reuell  
 Vpon the royal Mattes, and rich embroader;  
 Such grace of God hath blowne thy frailtie hether.

Not all the flufh of thy fore-frollicke ftate,  
 The worfhip of thy birth, thy rich reuenue,  
 Thy countries high applaud and eftimate  
 And all that faire *Elyzium* can yeeld youe,  
 Is of the worth to countervayle thys hap  
 Fallen from faire Fortune into Graces lap.

Say

Say that *Eliza* is the Lords deere daintie,  
 The *Phœnix* of true *Principalitie*  
 The feast of peace and sweet saturday  
 Vnto the people of her Emperie ;  
 Say that she is both Grace and Natures none-such  
 I bend my knee ; and say and thinke as much.

For I haue heard the woonders of her name  
 Our coasts is full of great *Elizabeth*,  
 Yea, all the world is fertill of the same ;  
 Sweet Name that all mens pennes and tongues inableth,  
 Sweet Sound that all mens fences lullabieth,  
 Sweet Marle that all the world imbatteneth.

But such her glories are but eare-delightes  
 And lip-sweets only to our far awayes,  
 For we are no *Elizium*-bred wightes  
 Nor haue we any such like merrie dayes ;  
 Wee haue our joyes in another kind  
 Ghostly innated in our foule and mind.

Whom angour of mishap or guilt of ill  
 Drives to dispaire, and selfe misdoomfull deed,  
 Loe, heer th'vnfraught of his woe-loaden will  
 And reuerend riches to his ghostly need ;  
 Loe, heer his Arke against the inundation  
 Of Sinne and Fortunes funerall-temptation.

I 2

Heer

*Heer* (loe) the amitie of men and Angels  
 In uniforme adore of one true God,  
*Heer* Peace and Pietie together dwels,  
*Heer* Scisme, and Discords clouen-foot nere trod,  
     *Heer* sacred Ceremonies are in vre  
     As wedlocke-rightes twixt Faith and Soules insure.

*Heer* chantes the Nightingale incesant praife  
 And prayer vnto the Orient sonne of God,  
*Heer* Grace our vncouth Adamisme allayes  
 Stepping her golden foot wher guilt erst trod,  
     *Heer* Sacrifice and Sacrificer both  
     Gods bleffe and good acceptance still fore-goeth.

He would haue told me more to this pourport,  
 But that his vp-hill pace out-tyr'd his speech  
 And now were also neer the Temple port  
 Where euerie sight I saw was so heauenly rich  
     As had he vttered more mine eies delight  
     Had quite vndone mine eares to doe him right.

Ah, now I want the Muse of *Salomon*  
 To tell you a Temple-tale, a tale of truth  
 All of the Architect and frame of *Sion* :  
 To tell you of her age and of her youth  
     And of her reuerend raigne and regiment  
     And how *Dobleffa* rues her high achuement.

The



The grownd was Faith ; the meane worke Charitie  
 The Top, a Hopefull apprehension  
 Of heauens attaine : All was of Vnitie  
 A follid mettle heawn out of Christ his Pafsion :  
     Yea Christ himfelfe was fundamentall ftone,  
 And all the Sowder was Deuotion.

There fhin'd the Rubie and the Chryfolite  
 The sparkling Diamond, and the Emeraud greene,  
 Each Saphyre in their feuerall delight :  
 There was the happie Iacent to be feene  
     The Topaffe, Onyx, and many a faire gem,  
 Corral, Amber, and Aggats were trash among thẽ.

Which fuch bright rough-cast ouer all incrufted  
 T'was heauen to fee what Rain-bowe rayes it yeelded  
 Whiles euerie gem ambitioufly contended  
 T'out-ftare each others ftarry neighbourhed :  
     It was ynough t'illumine all the world  
 But for the myfts that falfe *Dobleffa* hurld.

Rofes and flowers of all cullored kindes,  
 The Marie-bush and pleafant Eglantine  
 The Honey-fuckle in her twifted twines  
 Immixt with Yuie, and the Grape-full Vine,  
     Did all growe vp that ftarrie fpanglement  
 Spoufing her fplendure with their fpiced fent.

I 3

Below

Below these heauen-amounting fwauities  
 Grew ouer all the Temple-greene beside  
 Sweet Gilliflowers and Primrofes  
 The Pink, and Gerifole (the Suns deer bride ;)   
     The Molie, Violet, and the pleafant Dafie  
     Balme, Margerum, and sweet Coast-marie.

There grew the loftie Cedar, and the Pine,  
 The peacefull Oliffe, and the martiall Firre  
 The verdant Laurell in her shadie-shine,  
 The patient Palme, and penitentiall Mirrhe :  
     The Elme, the Poplar, and the Cipresse tree  
     And all trees els that pleafant are to fee.

All kinds of fruits were there perpetuall  
 The Date, the Almond, & the fauceful Citron,  
 The Fig, the Orange, and Pomegranet royall,  
 The Quince, the Abricock, and the musk-Mellon  
     The Plumme, the Cherie, and the pleafant Peare  
     The Filberd and the Mulberie grew there.

Amid these trees, these fruits, these flowerie sweetes  
 Ran in a Maze-like wile a chryftall streame  
 Of heauenly *Nectar* ; in whose sweet floods and fleets  
 Swom shoals of fifhes, euerie fifhes gleame  
     Brighter than *Tytan* in his Southerne stage :  
     This streame was strong againft prime guiltes enrage.

Hcr

Her silent murmur was so musically  
 As it dissolved the Rock to sand and gravel  
 Whereby it might more in especial  
 With multiplicities of cares incell  
     Her musick-sweets : yea even the earth below  
     Did open, and reveal her bowels therto.

There fate the Maids and the Nightingale  
 Carolling their Layes vnto th'eternall spring  
 The little Larke high hovering ouer all :  
 There euery bird did either play or sing,  
     The Parrot for his plumes did most excell  
     But Phoenix bare away the triumph-bell.

There was no fawne shape, no Larkes hue  
 No Bug, no bale, no horrid Owlerie  
 But all that there was, was sincere and true,  
 Her sweets, her splendour, & her musick-glee ;  
     Yea even the Angels of Diuinitie  
     Were of that league, and Confraternitie.

Whiles thus with sacred follie I suruayd  
 The Temples outward majestie, and heauen,  
 So long on that imparadize I stayd  
 That now the Temple clocke did strike eleven :  
     It was the instant time of high Oblation  
     We might no longer linger, but begon.

Eftsoons

Estfoons we did fo pace-fullie aduance  
 That to the Temple-dore we straight arriu'd,  
 Ore which was grauen, *Vna, Militans*  
 Astile from Vnitie, and Warre deriu'd ;  
 The gate was all of pure beaten golde,  
 The Portch a funnie Zodiacke to behold.

Then in we entred, (oh, we entred in)  
 Pleafe God I neuer may come foorth againe :  
 What saw I there ? Oh my eyes were dimme  
 My soule, my substance all was poore and vaine  
 To comprehend so high magnificence ;  
 Yet what I can I will you it dispence.

I Spanield after *Catechrysius* foot  
 A happie shaddow to good a substance :  
 All like a flower as yet but in thee root  
 Tending to future growth, and shone aduance :  
 The Temple-porter was a reuerend man  
 And was t'admit in no *Elizian*.

Then ask'd he *Catechrysius* who I was  
 Who answered a *Catecumen* hee,  
 With that he greeted me, and let me passe,  
 Such was my entrie to felicitie :  
 The Temple gates were fower and this was it  
 Which none but *Europe*-spirits might admit.

There

There on my knees my heart was full of fire,  
 Fire of the grace of God (deere grace of God)  
 Which strong bemettled my zeales aspire  
 To view the glorie of that shone abod :  
     It was a Pigion from the Temple-top  
     Which all that frame, and glorie did vp prop.

A Pigeon whiter then the whiteſt Pigion  
 Solie ſubſtant of his owne pure *Effē*,  
 His *Poffe* was Sanctification,  
 And Graces bounteous liberalitie ;  
     What *Ieſus* erſt had planted with his blood  
     This Pigion gaue it grace-full liuelihood.

The beames which iſſued from his brightſome briſt  
 Were ſuch as none but *Sion* euer ſaw  
 Nor euer could *Dobleſſas* dreary miſt  
 Indarken, or reſemble, or withdraw ;  
     Loue, Peace, and Magnanimity in good  
     Patience, and Prudence aboue all fleſh and blood.

Iuſtice, and Temperance, and Benignitie,  
 Zeale, and internall Conſolation,  
 Pittie, and hopefull Longanimitie,  
 Obedience, and brotherly Correſtion,  
     Deuotion, and Mortification  
     And firme affiance in our Lords Saluation.

K

Such

Such were the Pigeons rayes from Temple-top  
 Which like a heauen of light illumin'd all,  
 It being therto a more secure vpprop  
 Then any lime and stone, or brasen wall :  
     Oh *Sion*, *Sion* happie Cittie thow  
     So holie-ghosted against all ouerthrow.

Then looking downe vnto the residue  
 I might discerne a reuerend ministerie  
 Of men and Angels chanting vnto *Iesu*  
 Incessant Hymnes of praise and Iubilie ;  
     The high Sacrificator at the Altar  
     Victiming with holie rites his makar.

What shall I say of all the maiestie  
 Of all the reuerend rites and ceremonies  
 The rich adorne, the heauenly melodie,  
 The luster, and the precious swauities  
     That there I saw, felt, heard, and vnderstood ?  
     Oh, they transcended farr poore flesh and blood.

For, what the goodnesse and the power of God  
 In their immensitie could jointlie doe  
 Was there in force *fans* bound or period,  
 His grace and glory both did tend therto :  
     The meanest obiect there vnto my sence  
     Was more then all the worlds magnificence.

There

There saw I sacred imposition  
 Of hands ; and grace abundantly imparted,  
 Chrisme, and autentique Sanctification  
 And Exorcisme of such as were possessed :  
 Their credence and their language was alike  
 All *Babell*-Biblers they did dead dislike.

There was no scambling for the Ghospels bread  
 But what a publike Vnitie diliured  
 The same a prompt Credulitie receiued ;  
 Their humbleness was so beholie-ghosted  
 As Pride had not the power to entice  
 The wisest of them all to a new deuce.

Casting my eye aside, I might discerie  
 Selected troopes of people from the rest  
 Dooming themselues with great austeritie  
 Both men and women in discoloured vest ;  
 They were the people of vowes, and high aspire  
 Endu'd with Graces more especiall fire.

On no hand could I cast my liquorish eie  
 From heauenlie miracles and mysteries ;  
 Some school'd their Pupils fraile infirmitie  
 Dispensing them Gods sacramentall graces,  
 Some raif'd the dead, and some expulst the deuill,  
 Yet nought could make *Dobleſsa* see her euill.

K 2

How

How manie Sionits of choife esteeme  
 Braue men of woonders haue beene sent from thence  
 To teach *Dobleſſa* (Errors dreary Queene)  
 Their Temples ſanctimonie and innocence ?  
 How many worthies haue diſpenſt their blood  
 To doe th' vnkind *Dobleſſa* ſo much good.

But ſhe, oh ſhe accuſed Sorcereſſe  
 Would neuer yet beleue, nor gree their grace  
 But ſtill perſiſteth in her wretchedneſſe  
 Warfaring with bloody broile this happy place ;  
 Yea, had ſhe might according to her malice  
*Sion* had been a ruine long ere this.

She was a Witch, and Queen of all the Deſert  
 From *Babell*-mount vnto the pit of *Hell*,  
 She forc'd nor God, nor any good deſert,  
 She could doe any thing ſaue doing well :  
 Her law was Libertie, her luſt was Pride  
 And all good awe and order ſhe deſi'd.

Erſt ere this Temple was eſtabliſhed  
 She had no being at all aboue the earth  
 But euer lay in deepeſt hell abyſſed ;  
 Why did not God confound her in her birth ?  
 Oh, t'was becauſe his Temple might attaine  
 Through her aſſaults to be more ſoueraigne.

Gods



Gods Lambe was now both bred and dead out-right  
 To ranfome all the world from finnes inthrall,  
 And to fecure it in more happie plight  
 Had built this Sanctuarie sacramentall :  
     It fhin'd fo fhone vnto Gentilitie  
     That it began to fee, and gree her glorie.

And as the merrie riuier to the Maine  
 Or the in-ayred ftone downe to his Center  
 Fleets and defcends as to their duc domaine,  
 So it to *Sion* confluently bent her :  
     Yea, had this hag not been fo timely bred  
     The world had all ere this been Sioned.

For ſhe could quaintly maske in *Sions* guize  
 And fucke out venym from the Flower of life,  
 And fo retayle it with her subtilties  
 For pureſt honey : Such was her deed of ſtrife ;  
     Her woluiſh nature in a lamblie hue  
     Shee could diſguize, and ſeeme of *Sions* crue.

Like Enſignes ſhe oppoſ'd to *Sions* Enſignes,  
 Like her pretence of grace, and Gods high honor,  
 Like Grapes ſhe did contend grew vp her Vines,  
 And as good Gold as *Sions* ſeem'd her Coppor ;  
     It was but ſeeming ſo, not ſo indeed,  
     Her ſeeming-flower was a very weed.

K 3

For

For why, the spirit which she did pretend  
 Was not autentique from the holy Ghost,  
 On no authority she did depend  
 Nor had she certaine being in any coast ;  
     Her owne beheft she did Idolatrize,  
     And *Hydra*-like renu'd her Fallacies.

She had no Altar, nor no Sacrament  
 No Ceremonie, nor Oblation,  
 Her school was Cauill, & truthlesse babblement  
 Riot her Raigne, her end damnation ;  
     This was the haggard whoore of *Babylon*  
     Whose cup inuenym'd all that drunke thereon.

And this was she which now this holie-day  
 Whiles all the Temple was in deep deuotions  
 And high adore of Christs natiuity  
 Came with her barbarous Babellonians  
     To bid it battell, and affault the place ;  
     But (oh the foole) she came against Gods grace.

She came with peace-full Oliffe in her hand  
 Pretending mutuall honour of that feast :  
 And all her rabble-rout she did command  
 As much in outward fayning to proteft,  
     But vnderneath their plaufible attire  
     They all bare balles of venym and wild-fire.

She

She was more craftie then Gentilitie  
 Which thought of yore with maffacre to quell  
 The propagation of Sionrie :  
 For well she wist that *Sion* was as a bell  
 And Persecution but as a clapper  
 That made her filuer-found more far to scatter.

Shee therefore to beguile with friendlie seeming  
 Came thus addrest ; and priuily intemped  
 Her speciall *Bout-fieux* to prepare her comming  
 With seeds and weeds of jealousie and falshed :  
 Meane while she stood without the Temple gate  
 Protefting zeale and dutie to her state.

But God whose spirit euer *Argus*-ey'd  
 The weale of *Sion* as th'apple of his eye,  
 Saw from his high enthroned, and did deride  
 The Harlots complot ; and did by and by  
 Inspire his Templers pregnant jealousie  
 And valure againft her flie hostilitie.

Efts might you heare a battle-bell peale out  
 Religious Larums ouer all the Region  
 And see a solempne confluence about  
 The high Sacrificators holie Oblation :  
 Each one was on his knees for Confirmation  
 In grace againft so vile prevarication.

Amongft

Amongst the rest was I a *Catecumen*  
 As yet vngrac'd with his alhallowed hand,  
 Vntil such time as *Catechrysius* then  
 Presented me, and gaue him t'vnderstand  
 My Name, my Nation, and Conuerfion  
 And how I crau'd to be a man of *Sion*.

Then tooke he mee by the hand, and did applaud  
 Such my *Primitiæ* toward fo high refolue,  
 Blessing my on-gate fram *Doblessas* fraud  
 And sanctifying me with a holie falue ;  
 He wept for joy that an *Elizian*  
 Would come to be his Metropolitan.

And for he saw me absolutely arm'd  
 Alreadie to the warres ; he said no more  
 But only blest me, and with his breath becharm'd  
 My Constancie against the *Babell*-whore :  
 And for I was an *English*-Ilander  
 He prickt me downe vnder Saint *Georges* banner.

Then *Catechrysius* tooke me by the hand  
 And led me to my Cullors ; and as we went  
 He briefly told me and gaue me t'vnderstand  
 How all *Doblefsas* dorrs I might preuent,  
 And then concluded. Oh, that *Eliza* were  
 A *Sionite* to day to see this geere.

By

By this *Dobleſſa* ſeeing all her guile  
 Detected and Alarum'd ouer all,  
 Was in a pelting chafe, and gan reuile  
 The name of *Sion*, and to ſcale the wall :  
     Loe, thus began the holie warres of *Sion*  
     Againſt the rampant Hagg and whoore of *Babylon*.

Then might you ſee whole Legions of Angels  
 Diſcend adowne in amitie of warre  
 To *Sion*, againſt *Dobleſſa* and her deuels :  
 The warre was like as when proud *Lucifar*  
     Tumulting all the Court of heauen was throwne  
     He, and his complices to hell adowne.

Eſtſoones the high Sacrificator ſeeing  
 The vp-shot brunt of all *Dobleſſas* broyle  
 Came perſonally himſelfe vnto the bickering  
 To cheere his men of warre in all their toyle :  
     And thus beſpake them from the holie Tower,  
     His ſpeech and geſt was full of grace and power.

Oh men of *Sion*, happy Machabies,  
 Whom Temples honor in your ſoules ingrafted  
 Highlie demeanes to Gods benignities ;  
 Diſmay not at the number of the dead  
     But thinking who he is for whom you fight  
     Redouble your prowefſe, and your manly might.

L

You

You combate for the high *Hierusalem*  
*A* region of Peace and Immortalitie  
 Fore-spell'd, and promist only vnto them  
 That straine in her behalfe their vp-shot constancie :  
     Nor feare yee any woundes or any dying  
     So good a death tends to a better reuiuing.

See, how confusedly *Dobleſa* fightes  
 Without all discipline or good array,  
 Her Camp abandon'd to intestine spightes  
 And euerie one contending to beare sway ;  
     Their owne disorder will confound their power  
     The frame of Discord dures not an hower.

On then like gallants of the holy-Ghost  
 Fighting in Vnity, and for a Crowne  
 Against a rascall and tumultuous Host ;  
 Nere let the strumpet pull the Temple downe,  
     No, neuer shall the strumpet pull it downe  
     For God is God, and it is all his owne.

Rememorate the glorie of her Age,  
 And of her Raigne, and of her pristin Warres  
 How often hath she quell'd *Dobleſas* rage  
 Attempting to assayle her holy Rampiars ?  
     Hath she not been a Nurse vnto yee all  
     A Shelter, and a feast most festiuall ?

Befides

Besides, hath God not promised of yore  
 That hell shall nere preuaile against her gates?  
 And hath not he vouchsaf'd to die therfore  
 Establisning her glorie against all Fates?  
 Yea, is not he her fundamentall stone  
 Her daylie Sacrifice and high Oblation?

What will ye more? Oh Sionities no more,  
 But to your tacklings stand like men of honor  
 Like men of *Sion*, one to twentie score  
 Such *Babell*-hildings; mortifie their rancor  
 With constant and imperious resistance,  
 God and his Angels are in your assistance.

So said, he blest them, and dismissed them all;  
 Who straight in troops vnto the Rampiers ran  
 And happie he could get vpon the wall:  
 There then a second skirmish fresh began,  
*Dobleffa* still persisting in th'assault  
 And *Sion* fierce supplying all default.

It was a heauen to see the good array  
 And vnitie of *Sion* in this conflict,  
 How euerie one was willing to obey  
 His Officers encharge though nere so strict,  
 The holy-Ghost was in and ouer all  
 Cheering their combate with his cordiall.

L 2

Meane

Meane while the high Sacrificator, he  
 Attended to the Temples Sacrifice  
 Offering it vp for peace and victorie,  
 He chanted *Hymnes*, and *Laudes*, and *Letanies*,  
 And in Pontificall Procefsion  
 He and his Clergie made their intercefsion.

Some in their ftuddies commented the Text  
 Conferring place with place, and with traditions  
 Ov'ring the fraud wherwith *Dobleffa* vext  
 Their Ghospels peace ; some others in her ftations  
 Boldlie aduentured their liues to tell  
 The Babellonians of all her hell.

Some they perfwaded, thofe were verie few  
 And of thofe few not one of ten perfifted,  
 But ftill as fear and fraud their frailties drew  
 They ftarted backe againe like men agafted :  
 Oh, what it is to be too fecular,  
 It was felf-loue that all their weale did marre.

And of fuch braue aduenturous Sionites  
 As *Dobleffa* could by hooke or crooke intrap  
 They di'd the death, and fuffred all the fpights  
 That rage and rafcall wit could jointly rap,  
 Subject they were to dreadfull perfecution  
 By publick edict, and falfe brethrens treason.

What



What facring, and what sacramenting was  
 In *Sion* all this while for *Sions* safetie  
 Was more then all the strength of stone and brasse  
 In her defence ; God not in enmitie  
     But for her greater glories sake permitting  
     *Dobleffa* thus to bid it bale and bickring.

Contrarie-wife, *Dobleffa* ru'd the fate  
 Of her attempt ; her mood began to quaille,  
 For God now seeing the prefixed date  
 Of *Sions* patience in her last auayle  
     Did on the suddaine so enlarge his grace  
     That th'whoore retir'd, and gaue backe apace.

And then to shew her latest trumperie  
 (Now that our Lords permission faild her powre)  
 She gan with Magick-spels and forcerie  
 Faire Virgin-like to falsifie her figure,  
     Therby to seeme as gracious as she could  
     To *Sions* eie ; such was her guize ofould.

But when she saw that all her fallaces  
 And fierce assaults to *Sion* were in vaine,  
 And feeling now withall Gods heauie furies  
 Showre down vpon her like a floud of raine,  
     Shee could no longer bide the brunt of *Sion*  
     But backe she reel'd to hell and *Babylon*.

L 3

And

And fearing least her daunted enterprize  
 Might haplie alien her peoples hearts  
 From her obeyance : She so bewicht their eies  
 With mystes of falled glory, and high deferts,  
 That they befotted in their disaſter  
 Betooke them to their heeles, and fled with her.

And as they fled, Oh, marke their vanitie,  
 They did so crauin-cockadoodle it  
 As though they had run away victorie  
 And left faire *Sion* in her dying fit,  
 Such hoopes, such clangor, and such ſymphonie  
 And all was but *Dobleſſas* pollicie.

She nuſſed them in ſo proud Peacockrie  
 To th' end they might not ſee their damned ſtate,  
 But ſtill perfeuer as the Bumble-Bee  
 Repine-leſſe in their dung, and deſperate :  
 Oh, curſed and vnkind captiuitie  
 To be ſo willing drudge to Falſitie.

Yet ſome whome *Sions* more eſpeciall beame  
 Had bright appaid to ſee her dignitie  
 Fled from the witch, as wak'd from out a dreame  
 Of Faery, and Chimericall Imagerie,  
 Such *Sion* intromitted in her gate  
 Applauding them with deere congratulate.

Contrary

Contrarie-wife whatfoeuer Sionite  
*Dobleffa* could with flight or fight enthrall  
 She led away into eternall night  
 Blind-folding their eyes to make them fall  
     Into a thousand helles and offendickles,  
     Thrife fatall lapfe from Grace into fuch pickles.

Nor was the holie Temple thus acquitted  
 For euer after from her hofitill trouble  
 But ftill as *Hydra*-like ſhe had renued  
 One head vpon the others ſtump and ſtubble  
     She came againe, and made a braggard-ſhow,  
     But ftill ſhe bare away the Palſie-blow.

Such being the ancient league of God to *Sion*  
 Neceſſiting her Peace to ſuch temptation  
 And yet withall proteſting his protection  
 Therto : againſt all hell and *Babylon* :  
     What greater ſafetie then ſo good aſſurance ?  
     The word of God is of eternall durance.

Thus *Sion* triumpht ouer moode and tumult  
 Cabaging her Peace in perfect vnitie  
 Againſt whatfoeuer future-Scifmes inſult :  
 And ſeeing now no more hoſtilitie  
     But all the Regions cleere : She fell a rifling  
     *Dobleffas* ſpoyles, the Honors of her fighting.

And

And in her warlike wardrop there she plaſt them  
 Amongſt a world of former pillages  
 And ſpoyles of *Babell*: high *Hieruſalem*  
 Siſterlie applauding ſuch her victories,  
 And thinking long the day to honor her  
 With her embrace, and euerlaſting cheere.

Then (to conclude) the high Sacrificator  
 Came forth in place, and bleſt the Combatants,  
 Bidding them giue to God th' eternall honour  
 Of ſo high hap: And therupon he deſcants  
 A large diſcourſe of Gods protection  
 How prompt he alwayes was to ſuccour *Sion*.

So done: he efts diſmiſt the multitude  
 T' attend vnto the buriall of their brethren  
 Whom *Sions* honor had that day endu'd  
 With zeale to die for her like valiant men;  
 Their graues reſented Immortalitie  
 Sweeter then all the ſents of *Arabie*.

And for it was a ſpeciall victorie  
 Atchiu'd euen on the very walles of *Sion*,  
 There was proclaim'd a generall Iubilie  
 To be ſollemniz'd throughout all the region  
 The Octave after; in feaſt-full reference  
 And thanks to God for ſuch his high defence.

In

In which meane while the holie Sacrificer  
 Progreſſing the Prouince, viſited his flocke  
 And with his paſtorall care, and Crozier  
 Out-weeded and retrenched from the flocke  
     Whatſoeuer venym weed, or graft of Error  
     *Dobleſſa* had ſowne, or ſet with guile, or terror.

Namelie ; he did eſpecially diſpoſe  
 To carefull cure the wounded Combatantes ;  
 And ſuch as brunt of warre had ſlaine ; all thoſe  
 H'Incallendred to Fames remembrance :  
     Laſtly, he did repaire and fortifie  
     Each ruine againſt all future enemye.

By this the Oſtave-day of victorie  
 Was come, when (loe) the Temples ſiluer belles  
 Safely out-pealed to feſtivitye ;  
 Then might you ſee both Sionits and Angels  
     Troop to the Temple-ward like ſwarmes of Bees  
     And hand in hand downe falling on their knees.

You may imagine, no ; you are to fraile  
 To comprehend ſo high magnificence :  
 There ſawe I heauen and earth in ioynt-entayle  
 Homaging to Gods beneuolence  
     A world of praife and *Alleluiaes*,  
     Hallowing the aire with ſo thankfull praife.

M

I

I saw the high Procefsion paffe along  
 In intermixed rankes of men and Angels  
 The holie-Ghoſt ouer-hov'ring their ſong :  
 There ſounded Muſic-inſtruments and Belles ;  
     Yea, birds comforted with their warbling lays,  
     T' enter-common alſo in this dayes praife.

Along as thus we march'd about the Temple  
 In rich array, in ſweetes, and mellodie,  
 A ſuddaine Zephire-gale blew from the ſteeple  
 Solliciting our eyes ſupernally,  
     And what it was ; Oh, there I bend my knee  
     It was a Virgin in bright maieſtie.

The ſkie did open, and adowne diſcended  
 Vpon a ſiluer-cloud this follempne fight  
 A Mayden-Nymph moſt ſhone-fatellited  
 With all the Angell-court of heauen out-right :  
     She was inueſted in as Orient ſplendor  
     As Gods omnipotence and Loue could lend her.

She was the *Genium* of high *Hieruſalem*  
 The Patroneſſe of *Sion*, and the Aduocate  
 Of grace and mercie vnto mortall men ;  
 Her coming was for to congratulate  
     This triumph-day and gratefull Iubilie  
     Of *Sion* vnto God for victorie.

Which

Which such her prefence stinted our Procefsion  
 Raptng vs all into a fweet admire  
 Of fo fhone figure ; her irradiation  
 Flaming our fpirits with a mightie fire  
 Of Seraphin-affection and zeale  
 To die in vifion of her fweet reueale.

I may not be fo impious and prophane  
 As to compare this heauenly fpectacle  
 To any earthlie pomp or jollie vaine  
 Of *Cæsars* Bride : whose pride is but a cackle  
 Or as a fhadow in comparifon  
 Of fo triumphant and moft virgin vifion.

There on the Temple-pinnacle fhe refted  
 Gracing, and doubling our follempne feaft  
 With her in-heauen ; And all the while fhe attested  
 Both with her glee-full countenance and geft  
 Gods euerlafting loue vnto the place  
 And eke her owne againft *Dobleffas* race.

At laft fhe gan to waue and wend about  
 Our follempne multitude with all her traine  
 Suspending vs in a delitious doubt  
 Of fome fweet fequell : Our doubt was not in vaine,  
 For on the fuddaine houering ouer vs  
 She show'd downe *Rofes* moft odoriferous.

M 2

Rofes

Roses both red and white adowne she shewed  
 From out her virgin-lap, so sweet refenting  
 As all our fences into fent adiured :  
 So done ; she vanisht, leauing vs a scrambling  
 For such her sweets ; I for my part was one  
 That neuer would giue ouer till all had done.

And still I call'd vpon *Elizas* name  
 Thinking those Roses hers, that figure hers,  
 Vntill such time as *Catechrysius* came  
 And pointing me vnto his faithfull teares  
 (Teares of the zeale he bare t' *Elizas* name)  
 He told me No ; she was an Esterne Dame.

With that I cast mine eye into the East  
 Where yet I might discerne the region bright,  
 Much like as when the Sunne downe in the West  
 Newly discended, leaues vs of his light  
 Some Rubie-Rellickes after : Oh, deer God  
 Why made she not with vs more long abod.

Rapt with these woonders, wrapt in virgin-Roses  
 And faire be-Sioned against misfortune,  
 I suddainly was gone from these repofes  
 Sollicited with an especiall importune  
 Of home-ward zeale and of *Elizas* name,  
 Wherto I bend, and say ; God bleffe the same.

FINIS.





